POPE's (A.) MISCELLANY.

VIZ.

I. The BASSET-TABLE.
II. The DRAWING-ROOM.
III. The TOILET.
IV. The LOOKING-GLASS.
V. The WORMS.
VI. The First PSALM. Translated for the use of a Young LADY.

Publish'd faithfully, as they were found in a Pocket-Book taken up in West-minster-Hall, *the last Day of the Lord* Winton's *Tryal.*

The SECOND EDITION.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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By the Bookſeller.

THE *Reader* is acquainted, from the *Title-Page*, how I came poſſeſs'd of the following POEMS. All that I have to add, is, only a Word or two concerning their *Author*.

Upon Reading them over at St. *James*'s *Coffe-Houſe*, they were attributed by the General Voice to be the Productions of a LADY of *Quality*.

When I produc'd them at *Button*'s, the *Poetical Jury* there brought in a different Verdict; and the *Foreman* ſtrenuouſly inſiſted upon it, that Mr. GAY was the *Man*; and declar'd, in Comparing the *Baſſet-Table*, with that Gentleman's PASTORALS, he found the *Stile*, and *Turn of Thought*, to be evidently the ſame; which confirm'd him, and his

Brethren, in the Sentence they had pronounc'd.

Not content with theſe Two Deciſions, I was reſolv'd to call in an Umpire; and accordingly choſe a Gentleman of diſtinguſh'd Merit, who lives not far from *Chelſea*. I ſent him the Papers; which he return'd me the next Day, with this Anſwer:

SIR, *Depend upon it, theſe Lines could come from no other Hand, than the* Laudible *Tranſlator of* HOMER.

Thus having impartially given the Sentiments of the *Town*; I hope I may deſerve Thanks, for the Pains I have taken, in endeavouring to find out the *Author* of theſe Valuable Performances; and every Body is at Liberty to beſtow the Laurel as they pleaſe.

COURT POEMS.

The BASSET-TABLE, an ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA.

THE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing Room?
Rise, Pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you

SMILINDA.

Ah, *Madam*, since my *SHARPER* is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding Air,
And those feign'd Sighs which cheat the list'ning *Fair*.

CARDELIA.

Is this the Cauſe of your Romantick Strains?
A mightier Grief my heavy Heart ſuſtains.
See here, a fit Companion of your Pain!
(Yet heavier is the Grief which I ſuſtain;)
As You by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſt;
In One bad *Deal*, Three *Septleva's* have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the Grief, which you compare with mine?
With Eaſe, the Smiles of Fortune I reſign:
Wou'd all my Gold in One bad *Deal* were gone;
Were Lovely SHARPER Mine, and Mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover loſt, is but a common Care;
And Prudent Nymphs againſt that Change prepare:
The *Knave of Clubs* thrice loſt: Oh! who could gueſs
This fatal Stroke, this unforeſeen Diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! Very *à propos*,
She all the Cares of *Love* and *Play* does know,
Deeply experienc'd many Years ago,

Dear

Dear BETTY ſhall th' Important Point decide;
BETTY, who oft the Pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, She ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By *Cards Ill Uſage*, or by *Lovers laſt*.

Mrs. LOVET.

Tell, tell your Griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want ſome *Tea*.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, of *Mathers* bought,
With *Fifty Guinea's*; a great Pen'worth thought,
See on the *Tooth-pick*, *Mars* and *Cupid* ſtrive;
And both the ſtrugling Figures ſeem alive.
Upon the Bottom ſhines the *Queen*'s Bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the *Thimble-Caſe*.
Jove, *Jove* himſelf, does on the *Scizars* ſhine;
The Metal, and the Workmanſhip, Divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*, once the Pledge of SHARPER's Love,
When Rival Beauties for the *Preſent* ſtrove;
At *Corticelli*'s He the Raffle won,
When firſt his Paſſion was in publick ſhown:

HARARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her Head aside,
A Rival's Envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*, on the Hinge, see *Brilliants* shine:
This *Snuff-Box*, will I stake, the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser Losses than I bear,
Have made a *Soldier* sigh, a *Lover* swear.
And Oh! what makes the Disappointment hard,
Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*.
In Complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
Tho' my own Secret Wish was for the *Knave*.
The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;
And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the Killing Smart,
The Cruel Thought, that stabs me to the Heart;
This Curs'd OMBRELIA, this Undoing *Fair*
By whose vile Arts this heavy Grief I bear;
She, at whose Name I shed these *spiteful Tears*,
She owes to me the very Charms She wears;
An *awkard Thing*, when first She came to Town;
Her *Shape* unfashion'd, and her *Face* unknown:
She was my Friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her *Sallow Cheeks* th' Enliv'ning Red;

I intro-

I introduc'd her to the *Park* and *Plays*;
And by my Int'rſt, *Cozens* made her *Stays*.
Ungrateful Wretch, with Mimick Airs grown pert
She dares to ſteal my *Fav'rite Lover*'s Heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I ſwore,
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I wou'd *Punt* no more?
I know the *Bite*, yet to my *Ruin* run;
And ſee the *Folly*, which I cannot *ſhun*.

SMIDINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's *Vows* deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the Moment they believ'd?
Yet his *known Falſhoods* cou'd no Warning prove:
Ah! what is Warning to *a Maid in Love*?

CARDELIA.

But of what Marble muſt that Breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſet*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are ſet in decent Rank;
Expos'd in Glorious Heaps the *Tempting Bank*,
Guineas, *Half-Guineas*, all the Shining Train;
The *Winner*'s Pleaſure, and the *Loſer*'s Pain

In bright Confuſion open *Rouleaus* lye.
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the Sight, all Reaſon I diſdain;
My Paſſions riſe, and will not bear the Rein.
Look upon *Baſſet*, you who Reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if Reaſon may not *there* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What *more* than Marble muſt that Heart compoſe
Can hearken *coldly* to my SHARPER's *Vows*?
Then, when he trembles! when his Bluſhes riſe!
When Awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes!
With eager Beats his *Mechlin* Cravat moves:
He Loves, ——I whiſper to my ſelf, *He Loves*.
Such unfeign'd Paſſion in his Looks appears,
I loſe all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting Heart confeſſes all his Charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his Arms:
Think of that Moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a Moment, Prudence *well* were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter*'s, batter'd Bullies play;
Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
But who the *Bowl*, or ratt'ling *Dice* compares,
To *Baſſet*'s Heav'nly Joys, and pleaſing Cares?

SMI-

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a *Beau*!
PRUDINA likes a *Man*, and laughs at *Show*,
Their ſeveral *Graces* in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the *Footman*, as the *Maſter* ſweet.

Mrs. LOVET.

Ceaſe your Contention, which has been too long;
I grow Impatient, and the *Tea*'s too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *Equipage* ſhall grace SMILINDA's Side:
The *Snuff-Box* to GARDELIA, I decree,
Now leave Complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

ROXANA,

OR THE

DRAWING-ROOM.

ROXANA from the Court returning late,
Sigh'd her ſoft Sorrow at St. JAMES's Gate:
Such heavy Thoughts lay brooding in her Breaſt;
Not her own *Chairmen* with more Weight oppreſt:
They curſe the cruel Weight they're doom'd to bear;
She in more gentle Sounds expreſs'd her Care.

Was it for this, that I theſe Roſes wear?
For this, new ſet the Jewels for my Hair?
Ah PRINCESS! with what Zeal have I purſu'd?
Almoſt forgot the Duty of a *Prude*.
This KING, I never cou'd attend too ſoon;
I miſs'd my Pray'rs, to get me dreſs'd by Noon.
For Thee, Ah! what for Thee did I reſign;
My Paſſions, Pleaſures, all that e'er was mine?

I've

I've ſacrific'd both Modeſty, and Eaſe;
Left *Opera's*, and went to filthy *Plays*.
Double *Entendres* ſhock'd my Tender Ear;
Yet even this, for Thee, I chuſe to bear.
In glowing Youth, when Nature bids be Gay,
And ev'ry Joy of Life before me lay;
By Honour prompted, and by Pride reſtrain'd,
The Pleaſures of the Young my Soul diſdain'd.
Sermons I ſought, and with a Mien ſevere,
Cenſur'd my Neighbours, and ſaid Daily Pray'r.
Alas, how chang'd! With this ſame Sermon-Mien,
The filthy *What d' ye Call it* ——I have ſeen.
Ah Royal PRINCESS! for whoſe Sake I loſt
The Reputation, which ſo dear had coſt:
I, who avoided ev'ry Publick Place,
When Bloom and Beauty bid me ſhow my Face
Now near Thee, conſtant, I each Night abide,
With never failing Duty, by thy Side;
My Self and Daughters ſtanding in a Row,
To all the *Foreigners* a Goodly Show.
Oft had your *Drawing-Room* been ſadly thin,
And *Merchants Wives* cloſe by your Side had been;
Had I not amply fill'd the Empty Place,
And ſav'd Your HIGHNESS from the Dire Diſgrace,
Yet COCKATILLA's Artifice prevails,
When all my Duty and my Merit fails:
That COCKATILLA, whoſe Deluding Airs
Corrupts our Virgins, and our Youth enſnares;
So ſunk her Character, and loſt her Fame,
Scarce Viſited, before Your HIGHNESS came;

Yet

Yet for the *Bed-Chamber* 'tis She You chuſe,
Whilſt Zeal, and Fame, and Virtue You refuſe.
Ah worthy Choice! Not One of all your Train,
Which Cenſure blaſts not, or Diſhonours ſtain.
I know the *Court*, with all its Treach'rous Wiles,
The *Falſe Careſſes*, and *Undoing Smiles*,
Ah PRINCESS! learn'd in all the Courtly Arts,
To *cheat* our Hopes, and yet to *gain* our Hearts.

THE

THE TOILET.

[Green,

NOW Twenty Springs has cloath'd the Park with
Since *LYDIA* knew the Bloſſoms of Fifteen:
No Lovers now! her Morning Hours moleſt,
And catch her at her Toilet half undreſt.
The thund'ring Knocker wakes the Street no more;
Nor Chairs, nor Coaches crowd the Silent Door.
Now at the Window all the Mornings paſs,
Or at the dumb Devotion of the Glaſs;
Reclin'd upon her Arm ſhe penſive ſat,
And curſt th'Inconſtancy of Men too late.

Oh Youth! Oh Spring of Life for ever loſt!
No more my Name ſhall ring the fav'rite Toaſt;
On Glaſs no more ſhall Diamond grave my Name,
And Rhimes miſpelt record my Lover's Flame,

Nor

Nor ſhall Side-Boxes watch my wand'ring Eyes,
And as they catch the Glance in Rows ariſe
With humble Bows; nor White-Glove Beaus incroach
In Crowds behind to guard me to my Coach.

What ſhall I do to ſpend the hateful Day?
At Chappel ſhall I wear the Morn away?
Who there appears at thoſe unmodiſh Hours,
But Ancient Matrons with their Frizled Tow'rs,
And Grey, Religious Maids? My Preſence there,
Amidſt that Sober Train, wou'd cauſe Deſpair.
Nor am I yet ſo old, nor is my Glance
As yet fix'd wholly to Devotion's Trance.

Next Drait then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted Range,
To *India* Shops, *Motteux*'s, or the *Change*;
Where the Tall Jar erects his Coſtly Pride,
With Antick Shapes, in *China*'s Azure dy'd:
There, careleſs lies the Rich *Brocade*, unroll'd;
Here, ſhines a Cabinet of Burniſh'd Gold:
But then, alas! I muſt be forc'd to Pay,
Or bring no Penny-worths, or Fan away.

How am I curs'd, unhappy, and forlorn;
My Lover's Triumph, and my Sex's Scorn?
Falſe is the Pompous Grief of Youthful Heirs;
Falſe are the looſe *Coquet*'s Inveig'ling Airs:
Falſe is the Crafty Courtier's Plighted Word;
Falſe are the Dice, when Gameſters ſtamp the Board:

False is the Sprightly Widow's Publick Tear:
Yet these, to *DAMON'S* Oaths, are all Sincere.
For what Young Flirt, Base Man, am I abus'd?
To please your Wife, am I unkindly us'd?
'Tis true, her Face may boast the Peach's Bloom;
But does her nearer whisp'ring Breath perfume?
I own, her Taper-Shape is made to please;
Yet when you see her unconfin'd by Stays,
She doubly to Fifteen may claim Pretence;
Alike we read it in her Wit and Sense.
Insipid, Servile Thing, that I disdain,
Whose Phlegm can best support the Marriage-Chain.
DAMON is practis'd in the Modish Life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to his Wife.
He Games, he Swears, he Drinks, he Fights, he Roves,
Yet *CLOE* can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and Wife by turns supply his Need;
A Miss for Pleasure, and a Wife for Breed.
Tower'd with Diamonds, free from Thought or Care,
She can a sullen Husband's Humour bear.
Her cred'lous Friendship, and her stupid Ease,
Has often been my Jest in happier Days.
Now *CLOE* Boasts and Triumphs in my Pains;
To Her he's Faithful, 'tis to Me he Feigns.
Am I that senseless Thing to bear Neglect,
And force a Smile not daring to suspect.
No, —— Perjur'd Man! A Wife may be content;
But you shall find a Mistress can resent.

Thus Love-ſick *LYDIA* rav'd; her Maid appears;
With ſteddy Hand the Band-Box-Charge She bears.
How well thoſe Ribbands-Gloſs becomes your Face,
She cries in Raptures, —— Then ſo ſweet a Grace;
How charmingly you look, ſo ſtrait, ſo fair,
'Tis to your Eyes your Head-Dreſs owes its Air.
Strait LYDIA ſmil'd, the Comb adjuſts her Looks
And at the *Play-Houſe*, *HARRY* keeps the Box.

The LOOKING-GLASS.

WITH Scornful Mien, and various toſs of Air
Fantaſtick, vain, and inſolently Fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy Brain;
She looks Ambition, and ſhe moves Diſdain.
Far other carriage, grac'd her Virgin Life,
But charming *G*—y's loſt, in *P*—y's Wife,
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this Conjunction ſwells at leaſt her mind:
O cou'd the Sire, renown'd in Glaſs, produce
One faithful Mirrour, for his Daughters Uſe,
Wherein ſhe might, her haughty errours Trace,
And by Reflexion learn to mend her Face,
The wonted ſweetneſs to her Form reſtore
Be what ſhe was, and charm Mankind once more.

To *Mr.* LINTOTT.

Written, as he ſays, by Mr. POPE.

SOME *COLINÆUS* praiſe, ſome *Bleau*,
Others account them but ſo, ſo;
Some *STEPHENS* to the reſt prefer,
And ſome eſteem old *ELZEVIR*:
Others with *ALDUS* would beſot us;
I, for my part, admire *Lintottus*.
Thoſe printed, unknown Tongues, 'tis ſaid,
Which ſome can't conſtrue, moſt can't read,
What *Lintott* offers to your Hand,
Even *JOHNNY GAY* may underſtand:
They print their Names in Letters Small,
But *LINTOTT* ſtands in Capital;
Author and *He* with equal Grace
Appear, and ſtare you in the Face.
Oft in an *ALDUS* or a *PLANTIN*,
A Page is blotted, or Leaf wanting;

Of

Of *Lintott*'s Books this can't be ſaid,
All fair, and not ſo much as Read.
Their Books are uſeful but to few,
A Scholar, or a Wit or too:
Lintott's for general Uſe are fit,
For ſome Folks Read, but all Folks ſhit.

Mr. *Pope* writ theſe Dogrels before he had undertaken to Tranſlate *Homer*, and Mr. *Lintott* took the Complement ſo kindly, that he was reſolv'd upon any Terms, to be Mr. *Pope*'s Bookſeller.

A Verſion of the Firſt PSALM. For the Uſe of a Young Lady.

I.

THE Maid is Bleſt that will not hear
Of Maſquerading Tricks,
Norlends to wanton Songs an Ear,
Nor Sighs for Coach and Six.

II.

To Pleaſe her ſhall her Husband ſtrive
With all his Main and Might,
And in her Love ſhall Exerciſe
Himſelf both Day and Night.

III.

She ſhall bring forth moſt Pleaſant Fruit,
He Flouriſh ſtill, and Stand,
Ev'n ſo all Things ſhall proſper well,
That this Maid takes in Hand.

IV.

IV.

No wicked Whores shall have such Luck
Who follow their own Wills,
But Purg'd shall be to Skin and Bone,
With *Mercury* and *Pills*.

V.

For why? the Pure and Cleanly Maids
Shall All, good Husbands gain;
But Filthy and Uncleanly Jades
Shall Rot in *Drury-Lane*.

To the Ingenious *Mr.* MOORE, Author of the Celebrated WORM-Powder.

HOW much, Egregious *MOORE*, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews, and Forms?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All Human Race are *WORMS*.

Man, is a very *WORM* by Birth,
Proud *Reptile*, † vile and vain,
A-while he crawls upot the Earth,
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

That

† *Mr.* Pope *took this Hint from* Homer.

O Son of *Tydeus*, ceaſe! be wiſe and ſee
How vaſt the Diff'rence of the Gods and Thee;
Diſtance immenſe; between the Pow'rs that ſhine
Above, Eternal, Deathleſs, and Divine,
And mortal Man! a Wretch of humble Birth,
A ſhort-liv'd *Reptile* in the Duſt of Earth.

See Apollo's *Speech to* Diomede, *Book* 5.

OT

That *Woman* is a *WORM* we find;
E'er ſince our Grannum's Evil:
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That Ancient *WORM*, the *Devil*.

But whether *Man*, or *He*, God knows,
Fœcundified her Belly,
With that pure Stuff from whence we roſe,
The Genial *Vermicelli*.

The *Learn'd* themſelves, we *BOOK-WORMS* name
The *Blockhead*, is a *SLOW-WORM*;
The *Nymph*, whoſe Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a *GLOW-WORM*.

The *Fops* are painted Butter-Flies,
That flutter for a Day;
Firſt from a *WORM* they took their Riſe,
Then in a *WORM* decay.

The *Flatterer* an Ear-wig grows,
Some WORMS ſuit all Conditions;
Miſers are *MUCK-WORMS*, *SILK-WORMS Beaus*
And *DEATH-WATCHES Phyſicians*.

That *Stateſmen* have a *WORM* is ſeen,
By all their winding Play:
Their Conſcience is a *WORM* within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah!

Ah! *MOORE!* thy Skill were well Employ'd,
And greater Gain would rife,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The *WORM* that never Dies.

O Learned Friend of *Ab-church-Lane*,
Who ſett'ſt our Entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,
Since *WORMS* ſhall Eat ev'n Thee.

Thou only canſt our Fates adjourn,
Some few ſhort Years, no more;
Ev'n *BUTTON*'s Wits to *WORMS* ſhall turn,
Who *Maggots* were before.

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